

NO.

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The

HANGMAN

COMICS

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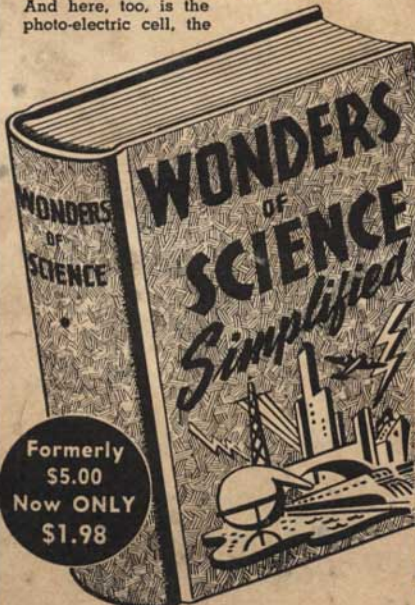
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THE

HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.4

THE HANGMAN VS. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA

A GIGANTIC SCHEME WAS ONE DAY BORN IN THE BRAIN OF HITLER HIMSELF A SCHEME FOR THE QUICK CONQUEST OF THE U.S.-HE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED THE MOST RUTHLESS, MOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER OF HIS VASSALS ----- CAPTAIN SWASTIKA TO EXECUTE IT, AND IN SO DOING, PRESENTED THE HANGMAN WITH HIS GREATEST FOE, YET!

ONE NIGHT, A REFUGEE SHIP STEAMS PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY INTO NEW YORK HARBOR...

AMERICA AT LAST.. FREEDOM FROM PERSECUTION... I NEVER THOUGHT I'D KNOW IT AGAIN!



FREEDOM... EVEN AS ELSA IS
UTTERING THESE WORDS --
OMINOUS FIGURES IN HIDING
WATCH HER AS SHE DESCENDS
TO THE PIER...



AND, AS THOUGH SENSING
THEIR EVIL PRESENCE,
ELSA PEERS INTO
THE SHADOWS --
AND SEES --



CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!

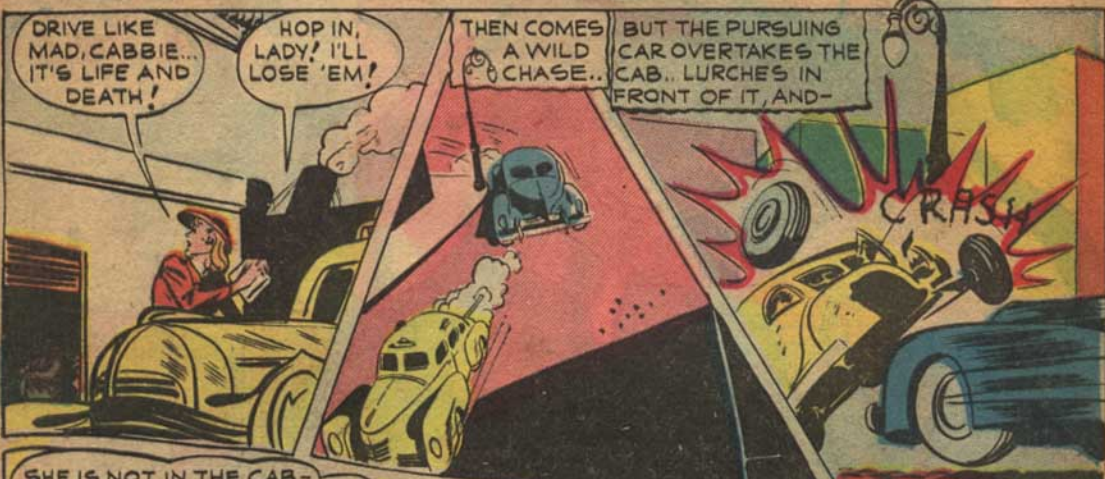


DRIVE LIKE
MAD, CABBIE...
IT'S LIFE AND
DEATH!

HOP IN,
LADY! I'LL
LOSE 'EM!

THEN COMES
A WILD
CHASE..

BUT THE PURSUING
CAR OVERTAKES THE
CAB.. LURCHES IN
FRONT OF IT, AND--



SHE IS NOT IN THE CAB--
WE HAVE BEEN OUT-WITTED!



DID SHE SAY
ANYTHING
TO YOU --
SPEAK,
SWINE!

SAY-A NAZI!..
GET YOUR HANDS
OFF ME, YA LOUSE!
YA CAN'T BULL-
DOZE ME!



WE TAKE NO CHANCES THAT SHE HAS SAID ANYTHING TO THAT DOG?... THAT ALLEY...IT IS THE ONLY PLACE SHE COULD HAVE GONE WITHOUT US SEEING HER...FOLLOW ME!



NOT HERE!.. SHE MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO THIS HOUSE!



EEEK...EZRA! LOOK...A MAN WITH A SWASTIKA!

YOU ARE HIDING A GIRL HERE...I WANT HER!

AIN'T NO GIRL HERE! SCAT, YOU NAZI!



DO NOT LIE TO ME, OLD FOOL!.. I KNOW SHE IS HERE!



I GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

YOU GET OUTTA HERE, I TELL YA!



I WASTE NO MORE TIME WITH YOU!



OH, I HAVE BROUGHT DEATH AGAIN TO THOSE WHO TRIED TO BEFRIEND ME.. BUT HE MUST NOT CATCH ME.. THAT WINDOW- I CAN ESCAPE HIM YET!



HASTILY, ELSA RIGS UP A MEANS OF ESCAPE...



LIVES ARE NOT IMPORTANT, NOW... I MUST GET MY INFORMATION THROUGH!



FRANTICALLY, THE GIRL FLEES THROUGH THE STREETS, UNTIL...



THAT CAR... I'LL GET IN THERE!

THE CAR PROVES TO BE BOB DICKER'S...



HELP ME! PLEASE DRIVE ME AWAY - FAST!

WHAT IN... ALL RIGHT, HOP IN, MISS!

TAKE ME TOO 112 RIVERSIDE PLACE. MY LIFE IS IN DANGER... THERE IS SOMEONE THERE WHO WILL PROTECT ME!



LIFE IN DANGER, EH? VERY - INTERESTING! WHY?

PLEASE! DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS!



IT MEANS YOUR LIFE, EVEN TO BE SEEN WITH ME. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS INHUMAN!

CAPT SWASTIKA! THIS GETS MORE INTERESTING BY THE MINUTE!



BUT... BUT THIS IS NOT 112 RIVERSIDE PLACE!

NO... THIS IS MY HOUSE! COME ON, NOW!



YOU SAID YOU WANTED PROTECTION - AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT TO YOU!

I TELL YOU, IT WILL MEAN CERTAIN DEATH!



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES - I WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS!

SOMEHOW, I FEEL I CAN TRUST YOU - I'LL TELL YOU!



I AM ELSA DANNING, AN AMERICAN BY BIRTH, BUT MY FATHER IS A GERMAN HIGH OFFICIAL WHO HAS BEEN IN DISFAVOR WITH THE NAZIS FOR A LONG TIME. THEN THEY THREW HIM INTO A CONCENTRATION CAMP, BUT NOT BEFORE HE TOLD ME SOMETHING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO AMERICA - SOMETHING ---

SOMETHING WHICH YOU NEVER SHALL LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY, FRAULEIN!

SO, YOU'RE CAPTAIN SWASTIKA, EH? WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL YOU DROPPED IN NOW!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA!



---BECAUSE WE WERE BOUND TO MEET SOONER OR LATER - ONE SIDE, RATZI!



I HAFF YOU NOW!



THE HANGMAN!



CORRECTION - YOU HAD ME



WELL, THEY'VE MET BOB DICKERING - NOW THEY'LL MEET --



THEY'LL BE BREAKING THE DOOR DOWN ANY MINUTE. AND I'D JUST AS SOON THEY DIDN'T FIND OUT BOB DICKERING IS THE HANGMAN!



NOW, I'LL JUST THROW THIS DUMMY OUT THE WINDOW!



BREAK THE DOOR DOWN, QUICK! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ALREADY!

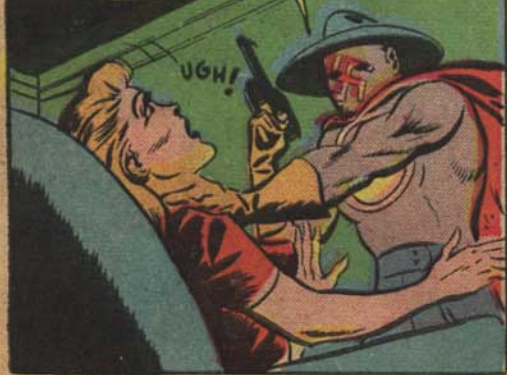


THE WINDOW... HE MUST'VE GONE OUT THIS WAY!



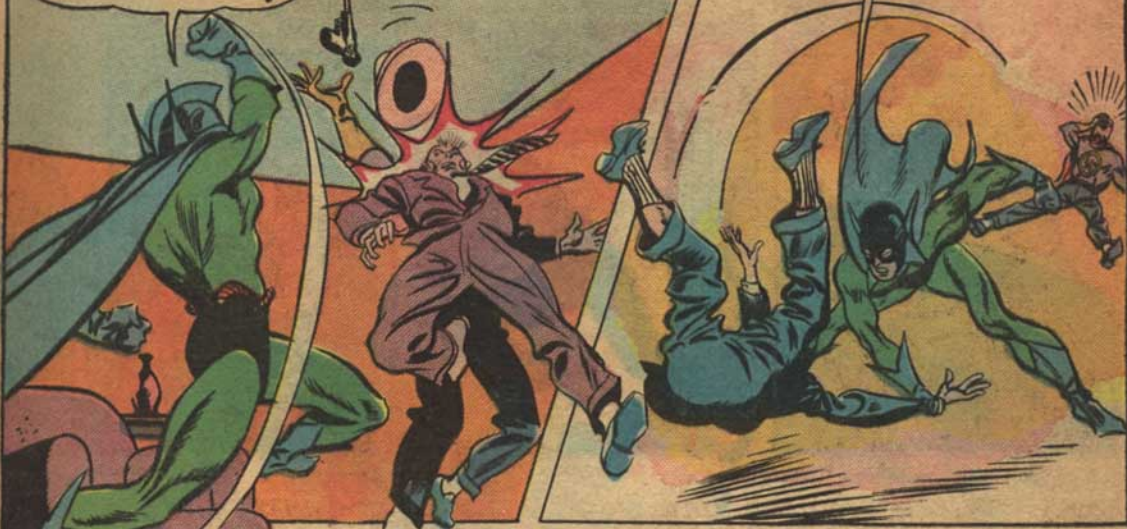
GOOD! THE FOOL HAS FALLEN TO HIS DEATH... THAT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF KILLING HIM!

YOU DID NOT THINK WE COULD REACH YOU IN AMERICA, EH? YOU KNOW NOW-- BUT IT IS TOO LATE-- YOU'LL DO YOUR TALKING TO THE WORMS!



ALRIGHT, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA
YOU HAVEN'T YET MET
THE HANGMAN!

...SO I'LL INTRODUCE
MYSELF NOW!



PANIC-STRIKEN, ELSA
TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
THE CONFUSION AND
FLEES...

RECOVERING FROM THE
SURPRISE ATTACK CAP-
TAIN SWASTIKA HURLS
HIMSELF AT THE
HANGMAN...

...AND THE MOMENTUM
SENDS THEM HURLING
DOWN THE STAIRS...



A TENANT, ATTRACTED BY THE NOISE
THRUSTS HIS HEAD OUT THE DOOR...

WHAT IN..A FIGHT!
HELP, POLICE!

TRY THE TELEPHONE,
DOPE, YOU'LL GET 'EM
QUICKER THAT WAY!

THE MOMENTARY DISTRACTION IS
ENOUGH TO GIVE CAPT. SWASTIKA
HIS OPPORTUNITY...



AND THE HANGMAN'S HEAD SHATTERS THE RAILING WITH STUNNING FORCE...



HURRY, MEN. THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE -- I'LL TAKE PROPER CARE OF THE HANGMAN ANOTHER TIME!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF ELSA?

OH, I DO HOPE MR. SCHMITT IS IN HIS OFFICE, NOW!



ELSA! ELSA DANCING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN AMERICA?



OH, MR. SCHMITT, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

MY DEAR, YOU ARE TREMBLING! IS SOMETHING WRONG? HOW IS YOUR FATHER?



MY FATHER IS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP. I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE A FRIEND OF HIS IN GERMANY!

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA IS HERE MR. SCHMITT! YOU KNOW WHY, I'VE GOT TO GET TO WASHINGTON AND TELL THEM. HELP ME, PLEASE MY FATHER TRUSTED YOU!



OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU, MY DEAR. I'M A GOOD AMERICAN, MYSELF. HERE TAKE THESE KEYS AND GO TO THE ADDRESS I AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU!



YOU WILL BE SAFE THERE FOR A WHILE. NOW HURRY!

OH, THANK YOU, MR. SCHMITT!



GOOT... SHE IS GONE.. THE STUPID LITTLE FOOL.. IF SHE KNEW THAT I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER FATHER BEING SENT TO CONCENTRATION CAMP!



HELLO, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! I SENT SCHMITT HER TO SPEAK TO OUR HEADQUARTERS. GOOD WORK, THE FUHRER SHALL HEAR OF THIS!



SO...AND NOW, THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD'VE SPOILED OUR PLANS WILL SOON BE DISPOSED OF. YOU ARE, INDEED, A CLEVER MAN, HERR SCHMITT! HEIL HITLER!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT AND THE BLOOD OF THE NAZI SPY RUNS COLD AS THE DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN FLASHES ACROSS HIS FACE - THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS...

NO, MR. SCHMITT, YOU ARE NOT SO CLEVER. BECAUSE IF THAT GIRL IS KILLED - YOU'LL HANG..HANG BY THE NECK UNTIL THE LAST DROP OF AIR IS SQUEEZED FROM YOUR LUNGS?!

UNTIL YOUR EYES POP FROM YOUR HEAD - AND YOU ARE DEAD - NOW, WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU SENT THAT GIRL?

Y-YA! YA! I DON'T WANT TO HANG...I'LL TELL!

GOOD...AND NOW, I'LL PUT YOU IN COLD STORAGE FOR A WHILE!

BOP

WHEN HE COMES TO HE'LL BE IN THE HOOSE-GOV BEFORE HE CAN SAY "HEIL HITLER." I'VE CALLED THE POLICE.

MEANWHILE, ELSA, UNSUSPECTING OF THE DEATH TRAP SHE IS WALKING INTO, APPROACHES THE HEADQUARTERS OF CAPT. SWASTIKA

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE THAT MAKES ME SHIVER. BUT IT MUST BE ONLY MY IMAGINATION!



IN RESPONSE TO ELSA'S KNOCK THE DOOR SILENTLY OPENS ...

THAT'S FUNNY-- NOBODY HERE... WHO COULD'VE OPENED THE DOOR ?

YOUR FRIEND -- CAPT. SWASTIKA!



THIS TIME YOU WON'T SLIP AWAY FROM ME!

ONCE AGAIN, THE GRUESOME SILHOUETTE OF...

DROP THAT GIRL, CAPT. SWASTIKA! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HARM HER!

THE HANGMAN!



HANGMAN, YOU ARE CLEVER, YES! BUT THIS TIME YOU WERE TOO CLEVER FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.. YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY MY MEN!

HANGMAN... WHY DID YOU THROW AWAY YOUR LIFE THIS WAY ?

SHH... ELSA, STALL FOR TIME. I PHONED THE POLICE BEFORE I CAME.



NOW I SHOW MY CLEVERNESS...THIS IS THE SECRET ELSA WOULD HAVE TOLD YOUR GOVERNMENT - MY LEGION OF THE SWASTIKA! YOU ARE BOTH GOING TO DIE ANYWAY... SO IT DOES NOT MATTER IF YOU KNOW!

MY LEGION WILL SPREAD THROUGHOUT YOUR COUNTRY - PLANT FALSE RUMORS, COMMIT SABOTAGE - ALREADY, OUR HAND HAS BEEN FELT!



WE RELAY INFORMATION TO OUR PLANES, WHICH BOMB YOUR SHIPS AT SEA...

MY MEN DID A PARTICULARLY GOOD JOB ON THAT GIANT SHIP, NOW FIRE-GUTTED...

THOSE STRANGE EXPLOSIONS, YES, THE WORK OF CAPT. SWASTIKA'S LEGION...



AND WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE WAY - MY ONLY OBSTACLES TO THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF YOUR GOVERNMENT ARE REMOVED!

THE HECK THEY ARE... UP WITH YOUR HANDS, EVERYBODY!

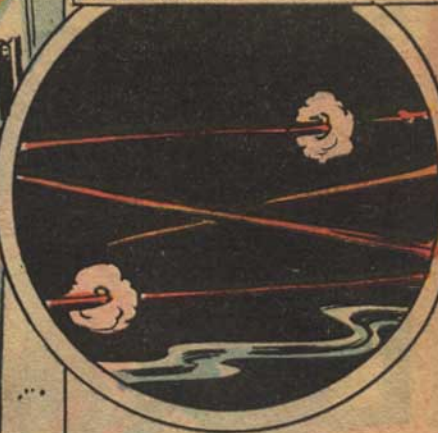


SUDDENLY CAPTAIN SWASTIKA LEAPS FOR THE LIGHT SWITCH...

REVOLVERS SPURT AND PIN-POINTS OF LIGHT STAB THE DARKNESS...



KEEP AWAY FROM THAT, YOU!



AND WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE TURNED ON AGAIN, THE SCENE IS A SHAMBLES - WITH THE CORPSES OF GESTAPO AGENTS STREWN ALL ABOUT...

CAPTAIN SWASTIKA! HE'S GONE!... AND THE HANGMAN, TOO! BUT WE SURE CLEANED UP THE GESTAPO GANG!



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU'RE NOT LOSING ME SO QUICKLY, CAPT SWASTIKA!! I SAW YOU DUCK DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR!

SO! THE HANGMAN THINKS HE CAN CATCH ME! I HAVE ANOTHER TRICK UP MY SLEEVE!



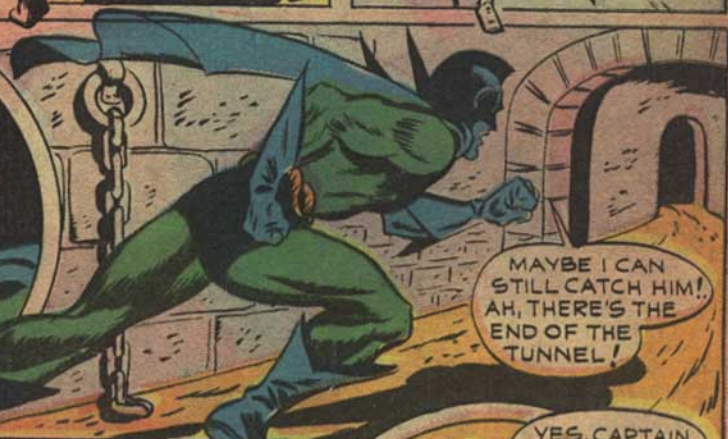
...AS HE SHALL
SOON SEE!
NOW, LET
HIM COME
AROUND
THIS
TURN!

SO EAGER IS THE HANG-
MAN TO CATCH HIS
QUARRY-HE FALLS INTO
THE TRAP AS HE ROUNDS
THE CORNER AT EXPRESS
TRAIN SPEED...



AUF WIEDER-
SEHN, HANG-
MAN... WE
SHALL MEET
AGAIN, AND
THAT DAY
WILL BE YOUR
BLACKEST!

OOW..WHAT
A SUCKER I WAS
THAT TIME!



MAYBE I CAN
STILL CATCH HIM!
AH, THERE'S THE
END OF THE
TUNNEL!

NOT A
SIGN OF HIM...
HE SLIPPED
THROUGH MY
FINGERS, ALL
RIGHT!



YES, CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA, WE
WILL MEET
AGAIN... AND
WHEN WE DO-
THERE'LL ONLY BE
ONE OF US LEFT
TO TELL THE
STORY!



THERE GOES
THE CURTAIN
ON ZIP'S
SENSATIONAL
NEW CHARACTER,
STEEL!

YES,
HANGMAN!..
THE ONE THAT
THE BLACK
HOOD'S BEEN
RAVING ABOUT
FOR WEEKS!
BOY, IF HE'S
HALF AS GOOD
AS THEY SAY,
WE'RE IN FOR
A GOOD
SHOW!

SENSATIONAL! SPECTACULAR!

THE
WHO
YOU ARE IN FOR THE

OKAY,
HOLD
YOUR
BREATH,
**BLACK
JACK**
HERE IT
COMES!

IT'S HIGH
TIME, **HOOD**..
BOY, YOU SURE
CAN KEEP A
SECRET! NOW,
I'LL FINALLY
FIND OUT ALL
ABOUT THE
WEB!

**WHO IS THE WEB?
WHAT IS THE WEB?
YOU'LL GET THE
ANSWERS IN
JULY ZIP!
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN YOU!**

"THE WEB" appears in JULY ZIP

NEW! DIFFERENT!!!

WEB

IS HE??
SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE!

ROY'S BEEN
SINGING THIS NEW
CHARACTER'S PRAISES
LONG AND LOUD,
SHIELD!

SO HAS THE
WIZARD AND
THAT GUY HASN'T
STEERED ME WRONG,
YET! WE'RE IN FOR A
GREAT SHOW!

OKAY,
WIZARD,
RING UP THE
CURTAIN-AND
LET 'ER
RIP!

WE PREDICT
THAT THE
WEB WILL
TAKE THE
NATION BY
STORM!
A NEW
HIGH IN
COMIC EN-
TERTAIN-
MENT!

THE WEB *appears in* JULY ZIP

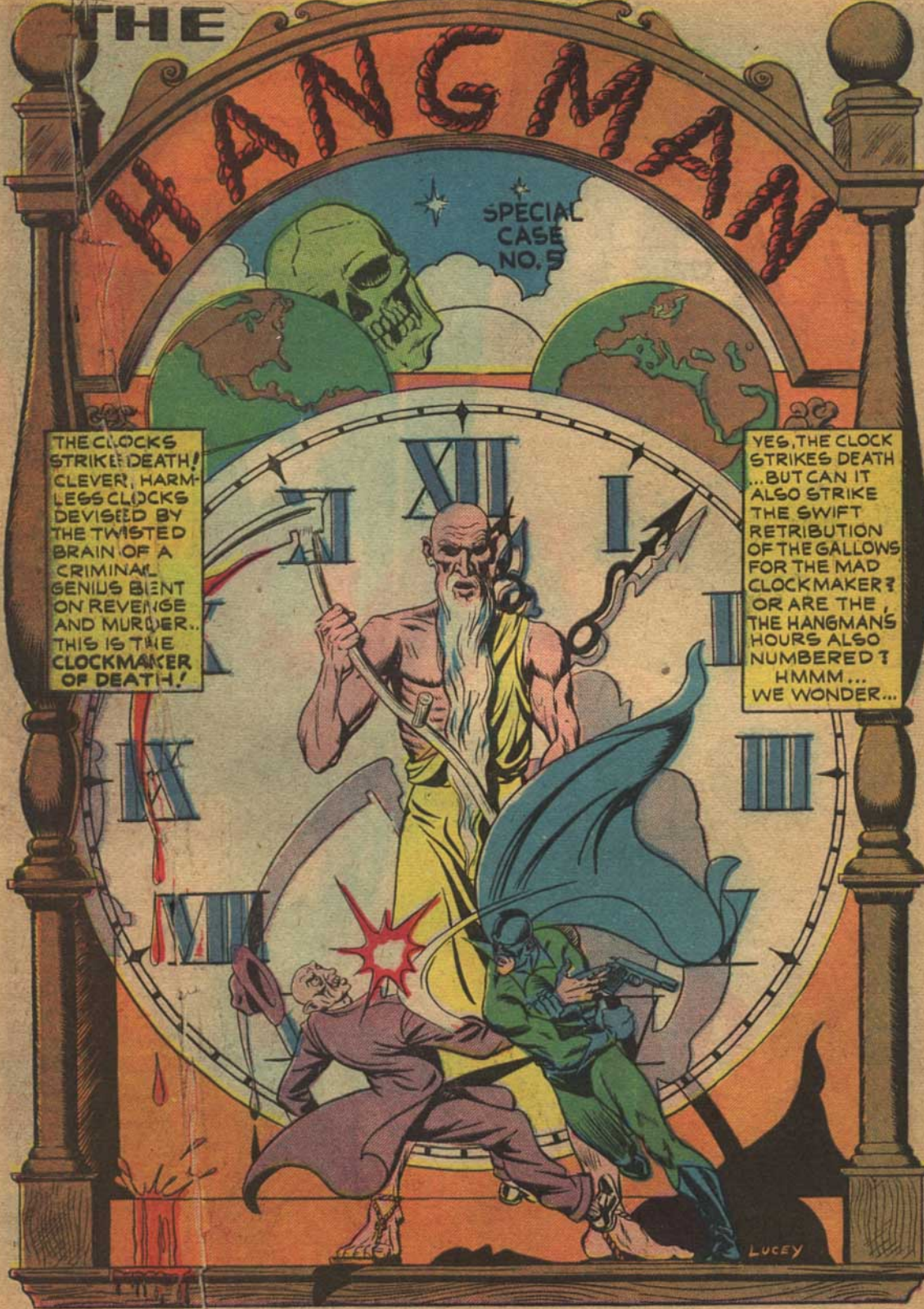
THE

HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 5

THE CLOCKS
STRIKE! DEATH!
CLEVER, HARM-
LESS CLOCKS
DEvised BY
THE TWISTED
BRAIN OF A
CRIMINAL
GENIUS BENT
ON REVENGE
AND MURDER..
THIS IS THE
CLOCKMAKER
OF DEATH!

YES, THE CLOCK
STRIKES DEATH
... BUT CAN IT
ALSO STRIKE
THE SWIFT
RETRIBUTION
OF THE GALLONS
FOR THE MAD
CLOCKMAKER?
OR ARE THE
THE HANGMAN'S
HOURS ALSO
NUMBERED?
HMMM...
WE WONDER...



LUCY

ALL TALES MUST HAVE A BEGINNING. OURS BEGINS TWENTY YEARS AGO - IN THE OFFICE OF A PROMINENT JEWELRY CONCERN WHERE THE PARTNERS HAVE CALLED IN THEIR AMBITIOUS YOUNG CLERK, JOHN SIMMS!... MARK THIS DAY WELL! IT IS A DAY TO BE LONG REMEMBERED...



AND SO, SIMMS, IN VIEW OF YOUR LOYALTY, WE HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU A JUNIOR PARTNER!

WHAT? ME A PARTNER?



I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! (GULP) I-I--

HA, HA, DON'T BOTHER TO THANK US... AND BY THE WAY, YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE FOR A WHILE. WE'ER. HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND OUT OF TOWN!



HELLO, MARY, DON'T FALL OVER WHEN I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!



WHAT? THEY'VE MADE YOU A JUNIOR PARTNER... OH, JOHN, HOW WONDERFUL! NOW WE CAN BE MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!



I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MARY!... JUST YESTERDAY A CLERK. TODAY, A BIG SHOT!

BUT THEN, JOHN RETURNS TO THE OFFICE AND SEES...



HERE! WHAT'S THIS? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

EASY, BUDDY, WE'RE THE POLICE WHERE'S THE BOSS?

I'M THE BOSS - ONE OF THEM, ANYWAY... MY PARTNERS ARE OUT OF TOWN!



SKIPPED TOWN, EH? OKAY. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. THIS PLACE HAS BEEN SELLING STOLEN JEWELRY FOR A LONG TIME -- NOW WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU!



WHAT?

A SPEEDY TRIAL - AND A SPEEDIER CONVICTION DESPITE JOHN'S PROTESTATIONS OF INNOCENCE, THEN

IT IS OUR POLICY TO ALLOW THE PRISONERS TO LEARN A TRADE WHILE THEY'RE HERE.. HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE ?

JOHN GETS HIS CHOICE. AND AS THE YEARS PASS, THE RANKLING BITTERNESS IN HIS HEART TURNS TO HATRED AND MAKING CLOCKS BECOMES AN OBSESSION...



THE TWENTY YEARS HAVE WROUGHT A FEARFUL CHANGE IN JOHN SIMMS' FACE - FOR IN IT IS THE LUST FOR REVENGE - FOR MURDER!



THEN, ONE DAY..



FATEFUL, PROPHETIC WORDS... AND IRONIC! FOR JOHN SIMMS INTENDS TO PUT HIS CRAFT OF CLOCK-MAKING TO AN UNDREAMED OF USE. A CLOCK-MAKER IS BORN! A CLOCK-MAKER OF DEATH!

ONE NIGHT, MANY WEEKS LATER IN THE HOME OF GEORGE WHITE, ONE OF JOHN SIMME'S PARTNERS 20 YEARS AGO

A PACKAGE FOR YOU, SIR!

PROBABLY ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY GIFT... HERE LET ME HAVE IT!



IT'S A CLOCK - AN INGENUOUS ONE, TOO! WHO COULD HAVE SENT IT, I WONDER?



OUT ONE TUNNEL, INTO ANOTHER, LITTLE FIGURINES CHASE EACH OTHER, TICKING OFF THE SECONDS...



HA, HA! CLEVEREST THING I'VE SEEN - NEVER KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT... HERE'S A LITTLE SAVAGE WITH A BLOW GUN!

SUDDENLY, THE SAVAGE FIGURINE IS SWIVELLED AROUND - IT'S BLOW-PIPE POINTED AT WHITE'S THROAT AND -



MR. WHITE!.. WHAT'S HAPPENED?

G-GET DOCTOR - HURRY... OH CHOKING - CAN'T BREATHE!



POLICE! I THINK MY MASTER'S DYING. YES I'VE ALREADY CALLED A DOCTOR!



AND WHEN HE SCREAMED YOU CAME RUNNING IMMEDIATELY!

YES, I SUSPECTED FOUL PLAY AT ONCE... THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU!

HOW'S IT LOOK, DOC?

HE'S DEAD!



I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING UNUSUAL. IT LOOKS LIKE JUST PLAIN HEART FAILURE TO ME!

OKAY. WE'LL BEAT IT. THIS IS NONE OF OUR AFFAIR. LET'S GO, REILLY!



NOBODY
AROUND! SO
FAR - SO GOOD!

HMM... THIS MUST
BE THE CLOCK
MURPHY WAS
TELLING ME
ABOUT!

IT IS A CLEVER
CONTRAPTION AT THAT.
WONDER HOW IT OPER-
ATES?...HMM...LET'S SEE -
THIS KNOB HERE!...

AS THOUGH WARNED
BY SOME INSTINCT
THE HANGMAN
SUDDENLY DUCKS,
AND -

PING

A DART... AND
POISONED, TOO -
UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS --

SOCK

WHEN THE HANGMAN RECOVERS...

OOHH... MY HEAD! THE
CLOCK! IT'S GONE!
WHOEVER ATTACKED
ME CAME AFTER
THAT!

MEANWHILE, AT THE HOME OF THOMPSON...

WHAT... HE ALSO SEEMS TO HAVE DIED
OF HEART FAILURE. SAY, IF I GET SENT
OUT ON ANY MORE CALLS LIKE THIS
I'LL DIE OF HEART FAILURE, TOO!

JUST THEN, THE DOOR BELL RINGS...



I'M FROM THE JEWELERS. I WAS SENT TO PICK UP A CLOCK MR THOMPSON DIDN'T WANT!

MR. THOMPSON IS DEAD!



DEAD! TOO BAD. HOWEVER, THE CLOCK HAS NOT BEEN PAID FOR - AND I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE IT BACK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU MIGHT AS WELL!



THIS IS IT!



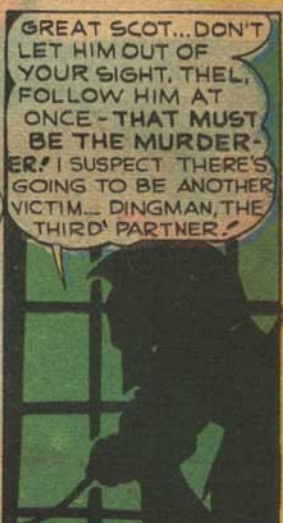
FUNNY, COMING FOR A CLOCK JUST NOW. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN-I--

MISS GORDON! THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU!



THELMA... THIS IS THE HANGMAN... I'M CALLING FROM WHITE'S HOUSE. MY SUSPICIONS WERE RIGHT... HE WAS MURDERED BY A CLOCK!

BY A CLOCK! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE. A MAN JUST PICKED UP A CLOCK HERE!



GREAT SCOT... DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, THELMA! FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE - THAT MUST BE THE MURDERER! I SUSPECT THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER VICTIM... DINGMAN, THE THIRD PARTNER.



GOOD GRIEF! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE. HE'S HAD QUITE A START ON ME!



OH, THERE HE IS, THANK HEAVENS!... NOW, TO SEE WHERE HE GOES!



WONDER WHAT THE HANGMAN MEANT ABOUT THE CLOCK BEING THE INSTRUMENT OF MURDER. WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

AT LAST THE CLOCKMAKER ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION-A QUIANT LOOKING BUILDING...



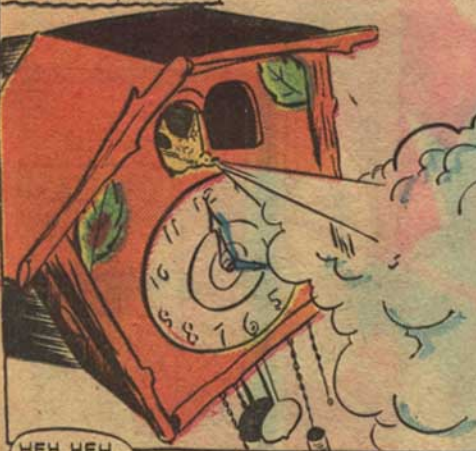
THIS MUST BE HIS HIDEOUT. I WANT TO LOOK AROUND!



GOOD HEAVENS, LOOK AT ALL THOSE CLOCKS...THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A CLOCKMAKER'S NIGHTMARE!



AS THELMA INVESTIGATES, A CUCKOO SUDDENLY SHOOTS OUT OF ONE OF THE CLOCKS, AND...



UGH...GAS! MY...MY HEAD'S REELING...HELP HEL...OOOOO....



HEH, HEH... FELL RIGHT INTO MY TRAP, DIDN'T YOU...THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOLLOWED ME!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE HOME OF DINGMAN...



WHITE AND THOMPSON MURDERED..IT MAY BE MY TURN NEXT...WHAT CAN I DO...WH--

ONLY THE DOOR BELL, SIR-I'LL ANSWER IT!



WHAT WAS THAT-DAVIS?



(GULP) WHAT IS IT ANYWAY, DAVIS?

A CLOCK, MASTER...THE BOY HAD ORDERS TO DELIVER IT HERE!



A CLOCK? NOW WHO COULD HAVE SENT ME THAT? HMM...A BEAUTY, TOO!



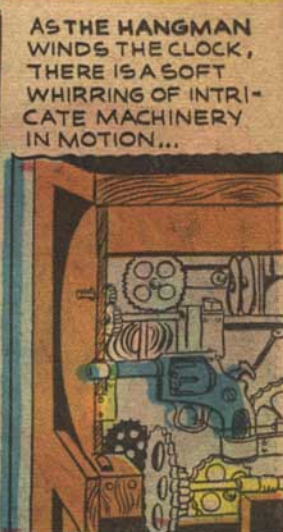
LET'S SEE... THIS KEY SHOULD WIND THE THING UP!



STOP!.. DON'T WIND THAT CLOCK IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!



HERE, I'LL WIND IT FOR YOU AND SHOW YOU WHY!



AS THE HANGMAN WINDS THE CLOCK, THERE IS A SOFT WHIRRING OF INTRICATE MACHINERY IN MOTION...



NOW STAND BACK AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THERE IS A SHARP REPORT AND A BULLET SPURTS FROM A HOLE IN THE FACE OF THE CLOCK.



WHO SENT YOU THAT CLOCK?

!...(GULP)...DON'T KNOW... THAT BOY JUST BROUGHT IT HERE!

OUR CLOCK-DELIVERING FRIEND SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY!

WELL, SO AM I IN A HURRY TO FIND OUT WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS!

THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE...IT'S GOING TO BE AROUND YOUR THROAT SOON. YOU'RE GOING TO HANG FOR THESE MURDERS- DO YOU HEAR ME?. HANG!

NO-NO...I DIDN'T MURDER ANY-BODY!

A MAN CALLED ME INTO HIS SHOP AND GAVE ME A CLOCK TO DELIVER...THAT'S ALL I KNOW ABOUT IT-HONEST!

MAYBE IT WAS THE CLOCK-MAKER THAT THELMA FOLLOWED-I BETTER GET TO THAT ADDRESS-FAST!

AT THAT MOMENT THELMA RECOVERS TO FIND HERSELF IN A BIZARRE PRISON..

HMM-YOU LOOK A LITTLE TOO STUPID AT THAT.. WHAT'S THE ADDRESS OF THIS CLOCK-MAKER?

HA, CONSCIOUS AGAIN-GOOD.... NOW YOU WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOGNIZE MY GENIUS BEFORE YOU DIE!

DEATH IN AN HOUR GLASS-KILLED BY THE SANDS OF TIME.. MY DEATH WEAPON. SEE, MY DEAR, I RELEASE THE SAND INTO THE TOP OF MY HOUR-GLASS-SO!

SOON, ALL OF IT WILL TRICKLE THROUGH AND COVER YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT!



TIME... TIME IS MY WEAPON OF DEATH... A VERY INGENIOUS WEAPON - IS IT NOT ?

THEY PUT ME IN A PRISON... TRIED TO KILL ME WITH TIME - BUT I TURNED THE TABLES ... I... WH... WHA... THE HANGMAN!

YES - THE HANGMAN - YOU'VE HAD YOUR HOUR, MURDERER!

NOW, THE HANGMAN SHALL HAVE HIS!

THERE IS ONE HOUR YOU OVERLOOKED - THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION. THE LAST HOUR ON EARTH BEFORE YOU WALK TO THE GALLOWES!

LOOK... THE GIRL - THE SANDS WILL SOON SUFFOCATE HER!

GOOD LORD! HE'S RIGHT!

I'VE GOT TO BREAK IT OPEN... GET HER OUT... BUT HOW?... THIS CLOCK... IT HAS CHIMES!

THE HANGMAN REACHES INTO THE CLOCK - RIPS OFF ONE OF THE BRASS CHIMES...

CRASH

DING DONG DING

EASY, THELMA. I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!

I'M ALL RIGHT, NOW, HANGMAN... BUT LOOK - THE CLOCK-MAKER! HE'S ESCAPING!

I'M GOING AFTER HIM - YOU STAY RIGHT HERE!

THE ROOF... IF I CAN GET THERE FIRST HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

DESPERATION LENDS WINGS TO THE CLOCK MAKER'S HEELS AND HE ARRIVES AT THE ROOF FIRST...

AND QUICKLY BOLTS THE DOOR FROM THE OUTSIDE...

SWIFTLY, THE HANGMAN SCURRIES DOWN AGAIN AND EMERGES THROUGH A WINDOW AS THE CLOCKMAKER CLIMBS TOWARD THE OPPOSITE ROOF...

AND SLIPS...

FRANTICALLY HE REACHES OUT - AND GRASPS AT THE HOUR HAND ON THE GREAT CLOCK...

WHAT A SPOT... HE'S CORNERED ON THE HOUR HAND, BUT I CAN'T GET TO HIM, UNLESS... HMM... IT'S RISKY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT!

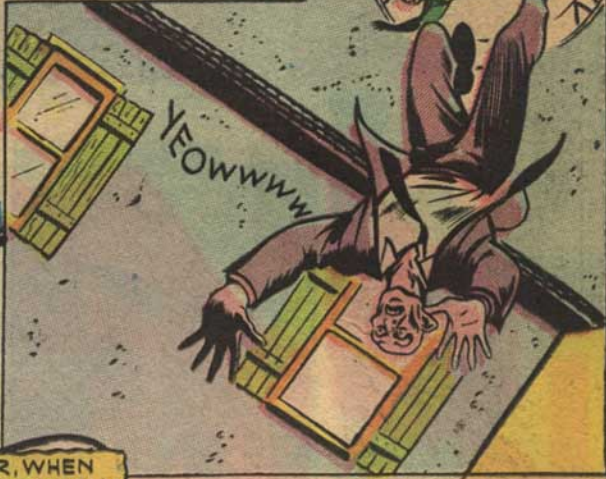
HANGING ONTO THE MINUTE HAND, THE HANGMAN IS SLOWLY DRAWN TOWARD THE CLOCK-MAKER...



WHO LAGS OUT FURIOUSLY IN AN EFFORT TO DISLODGE HIM...



...AND SUCCEEDS, BUT ALSO LOSES HIS OWN GRIP IN THE PROCESS, AND...



DEFTLY, THE HANGMAN GRABS THE LEDGE - HANGS ON DESPERATELY..



LATER, WHEN THE HANGMAN DESCENDS...



HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, THELMA - I'M OKAY..



...BUT THIS CRAZED KILLER IS DEAD. I FOUND OUT FROM THE THIRD PARTNER WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT - BUT IT'S BEST THINGS TURNED OUT THIS WAY!

YES, NO MATTER WHAT HIS REASONS, HE WAS A MURDERER - AND HE HAD TO PAY THE PENALTY - BY THE HANGMAN!

THE HANGMAN

King +
WOOLFOLK

DEATHS FUNERALS

Death Notices

Ella J. Parks
Mrs. Ella J. Parks, 74
years old, died at her
home, 3215 10th St.,
at 10:30 p. m., Saturday,
April 10, 1932.

Thomas Palrepcis
The body of Col. Thomas
Palrepcis, 37, former commander of
the 1st Infantry, Brooklyn
National Guard, will be in state
at the Zion Episcopal Church, 10th
and Atlantic avenues, Sun-
day, from 11 to 11:30 p. m., for
interment from 2 p. m. to 4
p. m. Services will be held in
Lynch Chapel, 32nd Street
and Franklin, at 2 p. m. with
military honors will
lead the Cemetery Welfare

WILLIAM J. ...
WILLIAM J. ... died at his
home, 1000 ... at 10:30 p. m.,
Saturday, April 10, 1932.

ANNOUNCEMENT ...
ANNOUNCEMENT ... of the
death of Mrs. Mary ... at
her home, 1000 ... at 10:30 p. m.,
Saturday, April 10, 1932.

**THE HANGMAN
MEETS HIS
GREATEST FOE IN
THE RABBIT, THE
MEEK LITTLE PROFESSOR
WHOSE CURIOUS
HOBBY IS WRITING
OBITUARIES ... AND
MAKING THEM
COME TRUE!
READ ON AND
DON'T SAY WE
DIDN'T WARN
YOU!**



**OUR STORY OPENS AS PROFESSOR
DAILY IS LECTURING TO A UNIVER-
SITY SUBJECT-PREDICTIONS.....**



**TODAY WE LAUGH AT
THE IDEA OF PEOPLE
TRYING TO PREDICT THE FUTURE...
BUT SOMETIME MEN CAN
FORETELL WHAT WILL
HAPPEN AS ORDINARY
PEOPLE REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED
YESTERDAY!**



Undertakers
Rochester

MAY I ASK A QUESTION, PROFESSOR HARE? IF IT'S POSSIBLE, AS YOU SAY, TO TELL WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TOMORROW...



...THEN WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHO'S GOING TO WIN THE BIG GAME WITH TECH...IT'LL SAVE THE TEAM THAT'S GOING TO LOSE THE TROUBLE OF PLAYING!



I BET THAT'LL STUMP OLD RABBIT HEAD... WATCH THIS, MARY!



PROFESSOR, LOOK! YOU'RE CASTING A SHADOW.. HA, HA, HA!



IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A RABBIT, HA, HA

SHH, PLEASE! DON'T MAKE SO MUCH NOISE! DEAN GRAY'S OFFICE IS JUST DOWN THE HALL!



PROFESSOR HARE, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU ALONE A MOMENT?

ER...YES INDEED, DEAN GRAY!



THE DEAN LOOKS PLENTY MAD, BILLY...I'LL BET HE GIVES OLD RABBIT-HEAD THE DICKENS!



AND REMEMBER, HARE, THE NEXT SUCH OUTBURST IN YOUR CLASSES WILL BE THE LAST!

I UNDERSTAND, SIR!



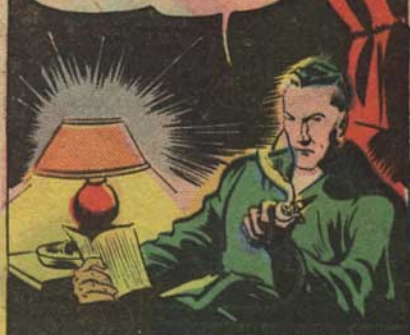
INCIDENTALLY, SEVERAL OF YOUR OLD STUDENTS WILL BE AT THE ALUMNI MEETING TONIGHT.... I'LL EXPECT YOU AT EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP!

YES, SIR!



BOB DICKERING IN HIS ROOMS READS AN INVITATION TO THE ALUMNI MEETING...

TENTH REUNION... IT DOESN'T SEEM THAT LONG SINCE I LEFT COLLEGE!



I WONDER IF PROFESSOR HARE IS STILL THERE... THE WAY WE USED TO LAUGH AT HIS CRAZY PREDICTIONS!



IT MIGHT BE FUN TO SEE SOME OF THE OLD GANG!.... I THINK I'LL DROP IN ON THAT MEETING!



THAT NIGHT...



PROFESSOR HARE IS READING LATE IN HIS LIBRARY...



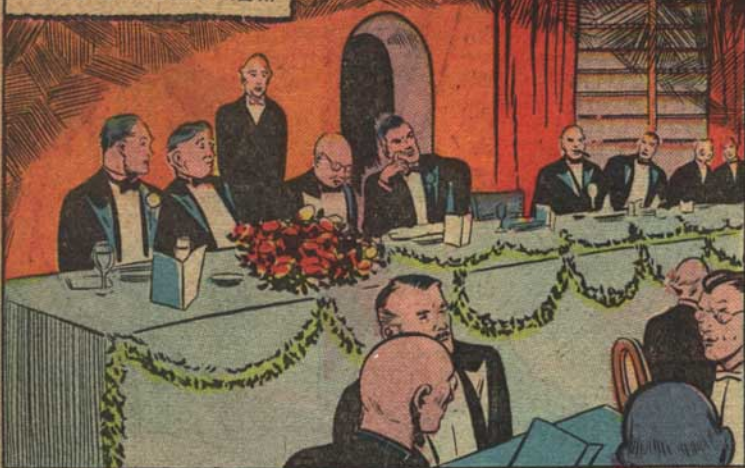
NOSTRADAMUS... WHAT AMAZING INSIGHT INTO THE FUTURE HE HAD!



GOODNESS! EIGHT O'CLOCK- I'LL BE LATE FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING!



AT THE ALUMNI MEETING DEAN GRAY IS IMPATIENTLY AWAITING PROFESSOR HARE'S ARRIVAL...



HALF PAST EIGHT! HARE'S HALF AN HOUR LATE ALREADY!



THIS WAY, PROF. HARE! THE OTHERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

OH DEAR, I HOPE DEAN GRAY ISN'T TOO ANGRY WITH ME!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, HARE. SIT DOWN HERE AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE!

ME? ARE YOU SURE YOU MEAN ME?



GIVE US A TOAST, MARCUS, TO THE GUEST OF HONOR, MY OLD PROFESSOR, ERNEST HARE AND HIS PREDICTIONS..DRINK UP, GENTLEMEN!

OH DEAR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



HARE CERTAINLY HAD THINGS FIGURED OUT RIGHT FOR ME.... ONCE HE CAUGHT ME SMOKING IN CLASS, AND HE SAID TOBACCO WOULD BE MY RUIN!



AND I'VE MADE MY FORTUNE THROUGH THE MANUFACTURE OF TOBACCO - SOME PREDICTION, EH, HARE?

THAT'S WHY THEY BROUGHT ME HERE.. TO MAKE FUN OF ME!

THAT'S A GOOD ONE - HA, HA!



I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS, OR I WOULDN'T HAVE COME. HARE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENJOYING IT EITHER!



I, TOO, WANT TO THANK PROFESSOR HARE FOR HIS PREDICTION ABOUT ME ...

SPEAK UP, DEVERE!

HARE!
HARE!...
HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

GET OUT! AND DON'T BOTHER TO COME BACK! YOU'RE FIRED!

HE SAID THAT MY HIGH-STRUNG, ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT WOULD BE THE DEATH OF ME - INSTEAD IT HAS MADE ME A FAMOUS ARTIST!

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT ONE, HARE?

LAUGH, LAUGH, IF YOU WANT TO!... SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, MEN HAVE ALWAYS LAUGHED AT THINGS THEY DID NOT UNDERSTAND! WAIT AND SEE - MY PREDICTIONS ABOUT MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL YET COME TRUE!

IN SULLEN, UNNATURAL SILENCE HARE LEAVES...

I CAN'T STAND THIS! THEY SHOULDN'T MAKE FUN OF ME! WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE STOP THEM?

THAT'S ENOUGH! THIS TIME YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR!... I WARNED YOU, HARE!

POOR FELLOW! HE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! HE'S GOING TO NEED SOMEONE TO CHEER HIM UP... AND I GUESS I'M ELECTED!

IN HIS ROOMS, A DIFFERENT ERNEST HARE, GRIM, RESOLVED, GOES ON WITH HIS PACKING...

LAUGH, WILL THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM WHO HAS THE LAST LAUGH!



MARCUS AND DEVERE WILL PAY FOR THIS! I'LL MAKE THEM SORRY THEY EVER MADE FUN OF ERNEST HARE - I'LL KILL THEM!



SUDDENLY...

WHO ARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU COME INTO MY ROOM?

I'VE COME AS YOUR FRIEND, HARE TO WARN YOU... YOU HAVE GOOD REASON TO BE ANGRY...



BUT MURDER IS NEVER JUSTIFIED UNDER ANY CONDITIONS... REMEMBER, HARE, IT'S A SHORT STEP FROM MURDER TO THE GALLOWS!



GET OUT! YOU HEAR ME - GET OUT!



HE'S GONE!



MY EXPERIMENTS... THE WORK OF A LIFE-TIME! THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR THEM FROM THIS NIGHT FORWARD... ERNEST HARE IS DEAD!



RABBIT, THEY CALLED ME! VERY WELL THEN.. RABBIT I SHALL BE! AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH MEN WILL LEARN TO FEAR THE VERY SOUND OF MY NAME!

A FEW DAYS LATER, IN THE APARTMENT OF MARCUS, THE TOBACCO MANUFACTURER...



FLOWERS FOR YOU, SIR. FROM ONE SIGNED, THE RABBIT!

A FUNERAL WREATH - WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?



IN THE MORNING PAPER, SIR, THEY PRINTED YOUR OBITUARY!

HELLO, ARE YOU THE EDITOR? MY NAME IS MARCUS... WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PRINTING MY OBITUARY IN YOUR PAPER? GOOD LORD, DO I SOUND LIKE A DEAD MAN?



EVEN AS HE SPEAKS, MARCUS FALTERS, HIS VOICE BECOMES A WHISPER - AND THEN....



JERVIS... THAT CIGAR... I'VE BEEN POISONED!



HELLO! HELLO! YES, MR. MARCUS IS DEAD! HE JUST DIED... HE'S BEEN POISONED!

BOB DICKERING READS THE ACCOUNT OF MARCUS' STRANGE DEATH...



JUST AS PROF. HARE PREDICTED... HE DIED FROM TOBACCO! THIS IS WORTH LOOKING INTO!

AT THELMA'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...



THELMA, CAN I HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR LATEST BATCH OF OBITUARIES?

CERTAINLY, BOB... WHAT'S THE MATTER? EXPECTING SOME RICH UNCLE TO DIE AND LEAVE YOU A MILLION DOLLARS?



THAT ONE CAME IN THIS MORNING. A FUNNY LITTLE MAN ASKED TO HAVE IT PUT IN TOMORROW'S PAPER!

IT'S SIGNED "THE RABBIT"!

THELMA, LISTEN TO THIS... 'HENRY DEVERE, ARTIST, DIED SUDDENLY...' I'LL BET DEVERE'S NO MORE DEAD THAN I AM!



HELLO, IS THAT YOU, DEVERE?... I THOUGHT SO! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY... DON'T GO OUT OF YOUR ROOMS! DON'T SEE ANYONE UNTIL I GET THERE!



WHAT'S THAT... YOU SAY? SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MURDER ME! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



ALL RIGHT, BOB, IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL WAIT UNTIL YOU COME!



BOB DICKERING ISN'T THE EXCITABLE SORT.... I WONDER... WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL ME?



THIS WAITING'S BEGGINNING TO GET ON MY NERVES. I'LL HAVE TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF... I'D BETTER DO SOME PAINTING!



DEVERE THROWS BACK THE DRAPE FROM HIS EASEL AND...



A DEATH'S HEAD!..... GOOD HEAVENS! THE MURDERER MUST BE HERE, IN THIS HOUSE!



ROGER! COME HERE AT ONCE!





ROGER, LOCK ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!
HURRY, MAN, DON'T STAND THERE GAPING AT ME!



SOME MINUTES LATER...
WHERE COULD THAT SERVANT OF MINE HAVE GONE? HE SHOULD BE BACK BY NOW... I'D BETTER LOOK FOR HIM!



ROGER!
ROGER!
WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER?



OHH!



HELLO, POLICE, MY SERVANT'S BEEN MURDERED!... I...

THIS ISN'T THE POLICE, DEVERE! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE RABBIT! REMEMBER ??? HA-HA-HA WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?



I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY ROOM - I'LL BE SAFE THERE!



NO!
IT CAN'T BE!
DON'T COME NEAR ME,
DON'T!

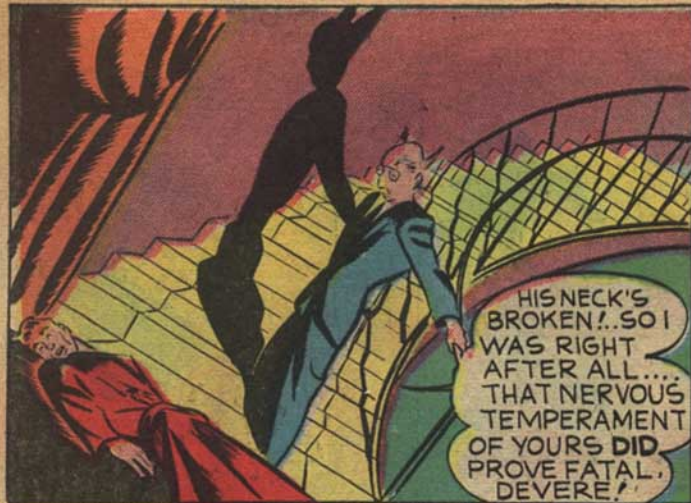


TERROR-STRIKEN, DEVERE BACKS TOWARD THE STAIRCASE...



HE STUMBLES.. LOSES HIS BALANCE AND...

HELP!



HIS NECK'S BROKEN!..SO I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.... THAT NERVOUS TEMPERAMENT OF YOURS DID PROVE FATAL, DEVERE!



AND THEN...

THE HANGMAN!



YOU TOOK THAT STEP I WARNED YOU ABOUT, HARE, AND NOW IT'S TOO LATE TO TURN BACK!

YOU... HANG MAN!



BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM HARE FLEES...



YOU WON'T GET FAR!



BUT HARE MEETS THE ON-RUSHING HANGMAN WITH A VICIOUS KICK....



AND ESCAPES,



WITH THE HANGMAN HOT IN PURSUIT...

FLEET AS HIS NAMESAKE, THE RABBIT, THE PROFESSOR OR OUT-DISTANCES HIS PURSUER....



THE CHASE LEADS THROUGH UNIVERSITY GROUNDS...



THERE HE GOES! I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED THIS TIME!



AS THE HANGMAN ENTERS, THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.....



THE INDICATOR'S STOPPED. HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN OUT ON THAT FLOOR!



THE HANGMAN SEES A LIGHT BURNING IN A CLASSROOM, BURSTS IN AND...



YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET?..NOT WHILE I STILL HAVE.....



THE BULLET ONLY CREASED HIM. HE'S STILL ALIVE BUT I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT!



...THIS!



CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE HANGMAN AND HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS BOUND SECURELY TO A CHAIR IN THE CLASSROOM...



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A STUDENT, HANGMAN?



AN UNWILLING STUDENT, PERHAPS, BUT I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! YOU HAVE THIS CONSOLATION, THOUGH, AFTER THIS CLASS IS OVER YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO ATTEND ANOTHER!



THIS IS MY PREDICTION FOR YOU, HANGMAN! A SHORT LIFE WITH A SUDDEN AND VIOLENT DEATH!



THE HANGMAN FRANTICALLY TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF.



WORKING HIS BONDS AGAINST THE IRON SUPPORTS OF THE CHAIR.... SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE THICK ROPE FRAYS.... UNRAVELS....



AND NOW, HANGMAN, WE SHALL MAKE MY PREDICTION COME TRUE!



JUST THEN...THE ROPE SNAPS...



I'M COMING AFTER YOU, HARE!



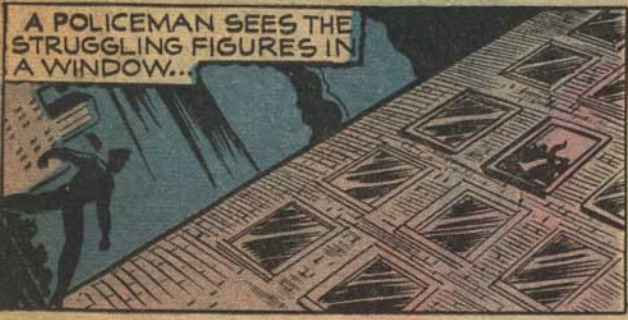
YOU'VE MADE YOUR LAST PREDICTION!



THE HANGMAN DRIVES THE GUN FROM HARE'S HAND WITH A SHATTERING BLOW.



A POLICEMAN SEES THE STRUGGLING FIGURES IN A WINDOW...



THIS IS IT, HARE!



AND NOW I'VE GOT A PREDICTION FOR YOU, HARE. YOU'VE COME TO THE END OF YOUR ROPE. NOW THERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF ROPE WAITING FOR YOU...



THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!

THE POLICE... SEE PROFESSOR, MY PREDICTION IS COMING TRUE ALREADY!



LET THIS BE A WARNING TO YOU, LAW-BREAKERS! THE RABBIT WAS NOT A CRIMINAL IN THE REAL SENSE OF THE WORD-BUT WHEN HE DECIDED TO TAKE THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS-HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!





LIVE BY THE GUN AND DIE BY—THE HANGMAN

Later, in his dim lighted rooms, Bob Dickering changed before the mirror. Changed to the costume of The Hangman!

Those two men who called on Langley had been carrying shoulder holsters and Langley was obviously worried about their

threat to play "records."

As The Hangman, dreaded arch-foe of crime, Bob Dickering intended to find the answer to the secret!

He found Langley alone in his study. From the window he saw Langley staring at a gun before he lifted it to his temple.

"Don't pull the trigger!" a sharp voice commanded him.

Langley looked up, startled. In the room there now stood a mysterious figure, a powerfully built man, with a black cape around his shoulders, his face hidden by a hood through which his eyes gleamed intently.

"Who—who are you?" Langley demanded.

The mysterious man spoke in a harsh and challenging tone, "Men call me The Hangman!" He moved closer to Langley, bent over and fixed him with his gleaming eyes. "This evening two men called, and threat-

BOB DICKERING and his friend, Langley, were talking quietly together when the two men came in.

"Well, Langley?" asked the taller of the two men. "We gave you until tonight. Have ya got it for us?"

"Why . . . er . . . not tonight. I'll have it for you in the morning." Langley seemed nervous. He was pale and beads of sweat glistened on his forehead.

The tall man looked Langley over with a long, cold stare. "You better have it," he said. "If you don't, we're going to play a couple of records. Understand?"

When the two men had gone, Bob Dickering turned to his friend. "Who were those boorish fellows, Langley?" he asked with pretended unconcern. "Friends of yours?"

Langley did not answer for a moment. Then he looked up with a start. "No," he said. "No, I wouldn't call them friends."

ened you. Is that why you were going to kill yourself?"

Langley stared. "Yes. They were blackmailing me. But I've no more money to pay them. And if they play those records—the scandal will ruin me!"

"Tell me about the records," The Hangman commanded.

Langley obeyed. There was no resisting the dominating will of The Hangman.

Langley told how once, at a party, a man named Salko, a hypnotist, performed for them. Later, Salko offered to give any of them a private demonstration of his powers, at his own studio. Langley accepted.

He had thought the experiment would be interesting. It was more than that.

When Salko awakened Langley from his trance, he played a record for him. The record was of Langley's own voice, telling about an escapade of his youth, a harmless adventure that would prove disastrous now to a man in Langley's position.

Salko demanded money, threatening to send the record to the newspapers if he was not paid.

Langley buried his head on his arms. "But I *can't* pay anymore! There's no way out for me . . . I'm ruined!"

He heard no answer. At last he looked up. The mysterious caped figure had vanished. The Hangman had disappeared into the shadows of the night.

A short time later, in the studios of Salko, the hypnotist, three men were in conference.

Salko, dressed in a long flowing green robe, and ornamented headdress, was giving further orders to his two henchmen.

Suddenly a shadow fell across their faces. It was the shadow of the gallows—the calling card of that scourge of criminals, The Hangman! "I know your blackmail scheme, Salko," said The Hangman. "It was a clever idea—but it won't work anymore! *Give me those records!*"

Salko's hand dipped beneath his green robe and came out with a gun.

Like a cat, The Hangman ducked and came up under the shot. His fist crashed to Salko's jaw. The hypnotist slammed back into the wall, his gun falling from nerveless fingers.

The Hangman bent and hit the first gangster with a body block just below the knees. The gangster went up and over his back and landed on the floor with a jarring thump.

The other gangster was clawing at his gun when The Hangman hit him. He gave a low moan, and dropped like a plummet.

"Had enough?" The Hangman asked.

Salko's answer was a quick grab for the gun he had dropped. He was too late. The Hangman's foot came down on his wrist with bone-shattering impact. Salko groaned, and fainted.

One of the gangsters crawled back to his knees. All the fight was gone out of him. He gasped weakly as The Hangman pulled him erect.

"D-don't hit me again," he pleaded. "I'll talk. I'll tell everything!"

The Hangman's voice was stern. "After you tell me where to find those records, you'll do your talking to the police!"

Later, Bob Dickering and Langley were sitting together in his study. "I got the record back in the mail this morning," Langley said. "I owe everything to The Hangman. If there was only some way I could show my gratitude."

Bob Dickering said, "Whoever he is, The Hangman sounds like a very interesting fellow."

"He's wonderful! I just hope you'll have the pleasure of meeting him someday!"

Langley never did understand why Bob Dickering's only answer to this was an amused smile.

ROY & DUSTY
THE SUPER-BOY THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

BOY BUDDIES

SPECIAL
CASE
NO.3



COME BACK,
YOU YOUNG
RASCAL!

NOT A CHANCE,
WIZARD!.. NO DICE
ON THAT PROPOS-
ITION!

NOTHING
DOING, I TELL
YOU, SHIELD!
I WON'T GO!



HELLO, WIZARD!..
HOW DID YOU
MAKE OUT
WITH ROY?
I CAN'T DO
A THING
WITH
DUSTY!



SAME HERE! THOSE
TWO BANTAMS CER-
TAINLY HAVE IDEAS
OF THEIR
OWN!



TALK ABOUT DOUBLE TROUBLE.. THOSE
YOUNG RASCALS ARE AT IT AGAIN.....
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THE SHIELD
AND THE WIZARD THINK THAT DUSTY
AND ROY GIVE THEM MORE TROUBLE
THAN THEY DO THE UNDERWORLD -
AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...

by
PAUL COLIMAN
&
BILL WOOLFOLK

LATER, WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS, ROY SEES...



STOP THIEF, EH! I'LL STOP HIM... AND HOW!



JUST AS ROY BRINGS DOWN THE FLEEING SNEAK-THIEF, DUSTY COMES RUNNING UP..



BOY, THAT'S THROWING HIM FOR A TEN YARD LOSS, ROY!... WHAT'S UP?

SEARCH ME DUSTY!, MUST BE A SHOP-LIFTER OF SOME KIND!



KIND OF A NICE-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, TOO! HOPE I DIDN'T HURT HIM!

PROBABLY ONLY KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF HIM!



HERE COMES THE GUY WHO'D DID THE YELLING!



WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER?

HE'S ONE OF SMILEY JOE MARTIN'S HOOD-LUMS... YOU KNOW - THE PROTECTION RACKETEER!



I WARNED MARTIN I WOULDN'T PAY, AND THE NEXT TIME HE CAME AROUND I'D CALL THE POLICE ON HIM, SO TODAY THIS ONE COMES TO MY STORE AND TELLS ME SMILEY SENT HIM TO WARN ME!



THAT'S RIGHT! HE DID, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE WARNING WAS FOR... I'M BROKE AND NEED A JOB BADLY!



AND WHEN THIS MARTIN GUY OFFERED ME TEN DOLLARS TO CARRY A SIMPLE MESSAGE FOR HIM- I GRABBED IT AND DIDN'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!



HMM... YOU LOOK LIKE A NICE, HONEST BOY, AT THAT... I TELL YOU, WHAT... JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SORRY I AM, I'LL GIVE YOU A JOB!



WELL, THAT'S ONE GOOD DEED FOR TODAY.. I FEEL LIKE A BOY SCOUT!



ME TOO... SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK!

FUNNY, RUNNING INTO YOU THIS WAY, DUSTY. I WAS JUST DUCKING THE WIZARD... HE'S TRYING TO GET ME TO GO TO SOME SISSY PREP SCHOOL!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? HE MUST HAVE PLANNED IT WITH THE SHIELD, BECAUSE THE BIG LUG WAS TRYING TO PULL THE SAME THING ON ME.. WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS GET INTO THE ARMY!



AND NOW, OUR SCENE CHANGES FOR THE MOMENT... SMILEY JOE MARTIN'S APARTMENT.

SO THAT GROGER MUG WON'T PAY UP, EH? I'LL DROP IN ON HIM POISONALLY!



SMILEY JOE! SO, YA PUNK... I SEND YA OUT ON A JOB AND YA WIND UP WORKIN' AGAINST ME, HUH?



OKAY! I'LL MAKE SURE I GET THIS TIME!



PUT UP THAT GUN, SMILEY!







DUSTY! ROY! YOU'RE MY FRIENDS! BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T DO IT... IT WAS SMILEY JOE!



WHAT SAY, DUSTY? HOW ABOUT SOME PRIVATE SLEUTHING?

RIGHT! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE COP GUARDING THE DOOR AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME!



HERE GOES - AND I HOPE HE'S GOT CORNS!



OWOO... RIGHT ON MY CORN, DANG YE!

HAW, HAW, YOU SURE LOOK FUNNY HOPPING UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT!



FUNNY, IS IT? LET ME LAY ME HANDS ON YOU AND YOU'LL DO A LITTLE HOPPIN' YERSELF!



IT WORKED! NOW I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND!



HMM... WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A CUFF BUTTON!



IT IS... WITH THE INITIALS - "J.M." - JOE MARTIN - I GUESS TOMMY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, AFTER ALL. NOW ROY AND I'LL PAY A VISIT TO SMILEY!



OUTSIDE SMILEY'S HOME, ONE OF HIS THUGS, POSTED AS LOOKOUT, SUDDENLY SEES A BLUR OF TWIN FIGURES, AND THEN SEES NO MORE...



THAT'S THAT... AND NOW, LET'S PAY OUR RESPECTS TO SMILEY!



WHAT IN... LOOK, WHAT'S COMIN', SMILEY!
HIYA, SMILEY.. WE WERE OUT SLUMMING SO WE THOUGHT WE'D DROP IN ON YOU!



LOOK, SMILEY, YOU KILLED THAT GROCER. THIS CUFF-LINK OF YOURS I FOUND ON THE SCENE OF THE CRIME PROVES IT!

PRETTY SMART-AREN'T YOU?



PRETTY DUMB, I'D SAY, TO WALK IN HERE LIKE THIS... I GOT THIS ONE, SMILEY!

AND I'LL HANDLE HIM!



YEOWWW!

BUT ALL THE THUGS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN DOING IS SETTING THE FUSE TO TWIN BOMB-SHELLS...



ROY... BEHIND YOU... SMILEYS TRYING TO GET AWAY!

THAT'S TOO BAD ...



...FOR SMILEY!



NOW, LET'S SEE... THIS LOOKS LIKE A DESK IN WHICH WE MIGHT FIND ALL KINDS OF INTERESTING INFORMATION...



WELL, WELL... THE POLICE HERE ALREADY?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO SENT IN A CALL?



WE DID, WE EXPECTED TO FIND SOMETHING THE POLICE WOULD BE INTERESTED IN - AND WE DID. HERE! SOME RECORDS THAT GANGSTER SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT LYING AROUND.



YOU'LL FIND THE MURDERED GROCER'S NAME THERE AS ONE OF HIS 'CUSTOMERS' - THAT AND THE CUFF LINK WE FOUND NEXT TO THE VICTIM -- FIGURE IT OUT..



DO YOU THINK THAT'LL CONVINCE 'EM THAT TOMMY'S INNOCENT!

YOU BET IT WILL - ESPECIALLY WITH SMILEY. THE POLICE DON'T NEED MUCH CONVINCING WITH THAT RACKETEER!



SUDDENLY--

C'MERE, YOU!

JUST A MINUTE, BRAT!

HEY!

UGH!



SO WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

HOW LONG DID YOU THINK YOU COULD DODGE US?



LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MINDS ABOUT THAT SISSY PREP SCHOOL- WE HOPE- TYING US UP IN A PLACE LIKE THAT WITH A WAR GOING ON, HUH!



SO IT'S THE WAR THAT'S GOT 'EM.. YOU TELL 'EM, WIZARD!

OKAY, SHIELD.. IT'S NOT A PREP SCHOOL WE WANT YOU TO GO TO. IT'S A MILITARY SCHOOL!

WHAT?



MILITARY SCHOOL...WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO! THAT'S RIGHT UP OUR ALLEY!

YOU BET! WHEN DO WE START?

RIGHT NOW!

SPECIAL
CASE
No. 4



LISTEN, FELLAS, THIS TIME WE'VE REALLY GOT HOLD OF AN IDEA - AN IDEA THAT ALL OF YOU CAN JOIN IN! I'M NOT GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT IT IS - JUST READ THE STORY AND FIND OUT!



ROY and DUSTY

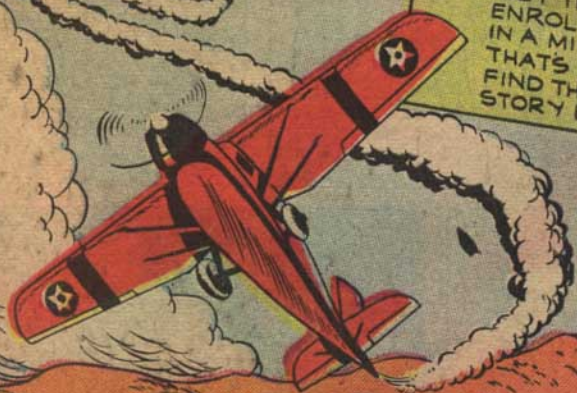
THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

THE SUPER-BOY

Superheroes

YOU TELL 'EM, DUSTY! THIS IDEA IS SO BIG WE'RE GOING TO NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET! I'LL BET OUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO COME THROUGH FOR US, TOO!

SINCE UNCLE SAM GOT INTO THIS BIG SCRAP, ROY AND DUSTY HAVE BEEN ACHING TO GET INTO ACTION! SO FAR THE BEST THEY COULD DO IS GET THEMSELVES ENROLLED AS CADETS IN A MILITARY SCHOOL THAT'S WHERE WE FIND THEM AS THE STORY BEGINS...



by BILL WOOLFOLK & PAUL REINMAN



TEN-SHUN!
EYES RIGHT!



PLATOONS -
FORWARD
MARCH!



ONE-TWO,
ONE-TWO-
LET'S GET
SOME SNAP
IN IT!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU CAN STOP TRY-
ING TO ACT LIKE SOL-
DIERS NOW! BREAK
RANKS!



WHEW! THAT
WAS SOME
WORKOUT!

I'LL
SAY!



ROY TAKES A FEW OF
THEIR FRIENDS ASIDE...



IT'S
RIGHT
OVER
THIS
WAY!

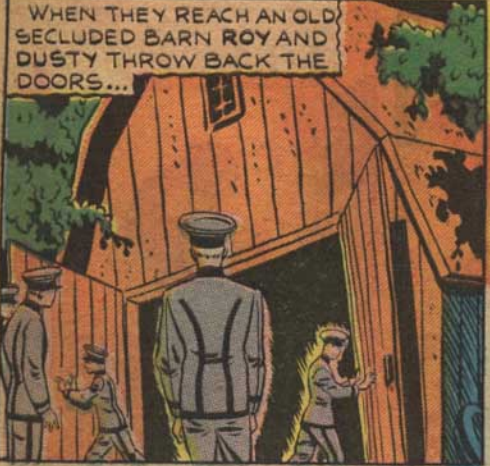


LOOK BEHIND YOU!
WE'RE GOING TO
HAVE A CROWD
WATCHING
US!



AS THEY GO THROUGH THE CAMPUS
GROUNDS MORE AND MORE CADETS
FOLLOW THEM...

WHEN THEY REACH AN OLD SECLUDED BARN ROY AND DUSTY THROW BACK THE DOORS...



THERE SHE IS, FELLAS! HOW DO YOU LIKE HER?

TOOK US SIX WEEKS TO BUILD, BUT SHE WAS WORTH IT!



BRAVO! HOORAY FOR ROY AND DUSTY!



C'MON, ROY! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE HER UP FOR A TRIAL FLIGHT!



WITH THE CADETS LENDING A WILLING HAND THE PLANE IS TRUNDLED OUT OF THE BARN...



ROY AND DUSTY WARM THE MOTOR, THERE IS A ROAR OF ENGINES AND THE PLANE ROLLS FORWARD...

THEY'RE OFF! YIPPEE!



O BOY! WE MADE IT! WE'RE FLYING!



SUDDENLY-

HEY, ROY!
THE JOY-STICK!
IT'S STUCK!

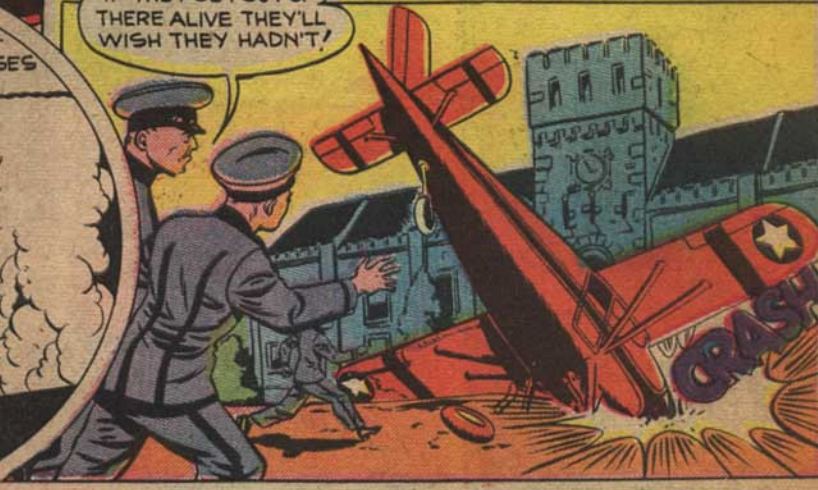
THE PLANE'S OUT OF
CONTROL! OH, GOSH
AND GOLLY!

THE OFFICER OF THE DAY
SPOTS THE WILDLY
VEERING PLANE...



DOWN..DOWN!
JUST MISSING A ROOF-
TOP, THE PLANE PLUNGES
IN ITS FINAL DIVE!

IF THEY GET OUT OF
THERE ALIVE THEY'LL
WISH THEY HADN'T!



DO
YOU FEEL
OKAY, ROY?

I THINK SO...ON
SECOND THOUGHT
MAYBE I DON'T —
HERE COMES THE
O.D.!

COME ON! I'M TAKING
YOU TO THE COMMAN-
DANT! HE'LL KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH
YOU!

AND THAT'S
THE STORY,
SIR!

HMM...



IT'S TIME YOU CADETS REALIZED THIS IS NOT A FLYING SCHOOL! YOU'RE BEING TRAINED TO BE SOLDIERS, NOT AIRPLANE PILOTS!



YOU'LL BE CONFINED TO BARRACKS FOR THE NEXT WEEK! THAT'S ALL!

B-BUT, SIR!



DOGGONE IT! HOW CAN WE MAKE THEM REALIZE THAT WE YOUNG FELLOWS WANT TO FLY, TOO!



SAY, DUSTY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



WE'LL TELL OUR STORY TO SOMEONE WHO WILL LISTEN, UNCLE SAM!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MAJOR NEILSON, U.S. ARMY FLYING CORPS...

SON, I'VE JUST HEARD YOU WERE GOING TO SOLO TOMORROW. I'M PROUD OF YOU!



PARDON ME, SIR! THERE ARE TWO BOYS OUTSIDE WHO WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU!

SHOW THEM IN!



MAJOR NEILSON? WE'VE GOT A PLAN THAT WE THINK WILL INTEREST YOU!



OUR COUNTRY NEEDS PILOTS RIGHT NOW - AND FOR A LONG TIME TO COME - RIGHT? THAT'S WHERE WE YOUNG FELLOWS COME IN!



THERE ISN'T ANY WAY FOR US TO LEARN ABOUT PLANES!

EXCEPT TO WAIT UNTIL WE GROW UP!



IT'D BE A KEEN IDEA IF, SAY, THE ARMY COULD TRAIN US, RIGHT NOW!

SURE! WE'D BE THE FUTURE FLYING CADETS OF AMERICA!



I'M SORRY... BUT WE'RE HAVING ALL WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW TO TRAIN ENOUGH MEN!



I APPRECIATE YOUR MOTIVES, BUT - WELL - FRANKLY YOUR IDEA IS A LITTLE FAR-FETCHED!



DAD, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE JUST GOT TO TELL YOU... I... I...



WELL, WHAT IS IT?

NEVER MIND... I'VE FORGOTTEN!



I COULDN'T TELL HIM... I'D BREAK HIS HEART! I'M JUST A COWARD!



I CAN'T GO UP TOMORROW...
I CAN'T SOLO!.. THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF
THIS MESS FOR ME!



HEY!
WHAT'S
THE
HURRY?

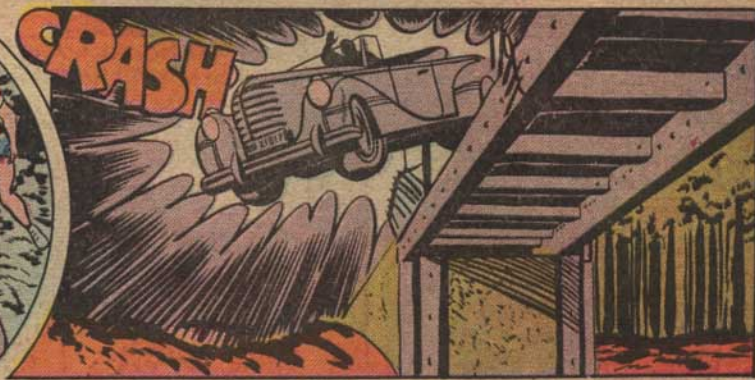
HE'S
HEADING
FOR THAT
BRIDGE!



THE SPEEDING CAR PICKS UP ROY AND
DUSTY IN ITS HEADLIGHTS, AS THEY ARE
TRUDGING ALONG THE ROAD...



CRASH



HE WENT
RIGHT THROUGH
THE RAIL' C'MON,
DUSTY!



THE INTREPID
BOY HEROES
PLUNGE HEAD-
LONG INTO
THE RIVER ...



THE CAR'S STUCK IN THE
MUD ON THE RIVER BOTTOM...
WE'LL HAVE TO DIVE
FOR HIM!



SWIMMING LIKE EELS, THE BOY BUDDIES REACH THE IMPRISONED AVIATOR...



FORMING A HUMAN CHAIN, THEY PULL HIM BACK TO THE SURFACE.



SAY, DUSTY, ISN'T THIS MAJOR NEILSON'S SON?

YEAH, AND HE LOOKS MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE!



HE'S COMING TO... MISTER, YOU JUST MISSED HAVING A NASTY ACCIDENT!



BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! I WANTED TO DIE!



MISTER, YOU NEED SOMEBODY TO TAKE YOU IN HAND! WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER YOUR FEAR OF FLYING!



YOU'VE GOT A HIKE AHEAD OF YOU, MISTER! WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK TO THE CAMPUS AND LET YOU TRY YOUR WINGS ON OUR PLANE!

NO!



I'M SUPPOSED TO SOLO TOMORROW, AND I CAN'T DO IT! I'M AFRAID! IT WAS BAD ENOUGH WHEN THERE WAS AN INSTRUCTOR WITH ME, BUT IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO FACE ALONE. I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF DISGRACING FATHER!

NEXT MORNING...

NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO! I JUST HOPE THE FELLAS HAVE GOT OUR PLANE BACK IN SHAPE!



I WON'T DO IT! I TELL YOU! I CAN'T.

THE HECK YOU CAN'T!



...YOU WERE GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE ANYWAY, WERENT YOU? WELL, OUR PLANE'S AS GOOD A WAY TO DO IT AS ANY!... SO HOP IN!

HA HA!... THAT'S A FUNNY WAY OF PUTTING IT... BUT I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



BOY, THE GANG SURE DID A QUICK JOB OF SHAPING UP THIS CRATE

YEAH...AND IF THEY DIDNT, WHAT I TOLD THAT PILOT MAY BE TRUER THAN I THOUGHT.



OKAY, ROY! CONTACT!



NOW COME ON! TAKE THE CONTROLS, OR DO I HAVE TO SOCK YOU ONE!



THERE THEY GO! GOOD LUCK, DUSTY, AND WHEN YOU COME DOWN, BRING BACK A FLYER WITH YOU!



HIGHER, HIGHER THE LITTLE PLANE MOUNTS...

COME ON, MISTER, SHOW ME A LITTLE FANCY STUFF!



OVER AND DOWN THE PLANE GOES INTO A BARREL LOOP...



MISTER, YOU'RE A REAL FLYER! ANYBODY WHO CAN MAKE THIS OL' CRATE STAND ON ONE END CAN FLY ANYTHING FOR MY MONEY



SMOOTHLY THE PLANE TURNS INTO THE WIND AND COASTS TO A PERFECT LANDING...



I DID IT! I FLEW IT MYSELF!... BOY, I FEEL LIKE I COULD LICK THE WORLD NOW!



I CAN'T EVER THANK YOU FELLOWS ENOUGH... BUT IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO SHOW MY GRATITUDE JUST NAME IT!



THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO! YOU CAN PUT THE PRESSURE ON YOUR DAD FOR AN IDEA WE'RE TRYING TO SELL HIM!



NEXT DAY... AFTER I GET THROUGH WITH THIS SOLO, DAD, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN ABOUT THE JUNIOR FLYING CADETS!



SON, YOU'RE JUST WASTING YOUR TIME! I WOULDN'T EVEN CONSIDER THE IDEA. IMAGINE TRYING TO TEACH YOUNGSTERS ABOUT PLANES HA!



THERE'S YOUR PLANE! HOP IN, AND LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!



GOOD LUCK, SON!





IN A STEEP ASCENDING DIVE, THE RYAN TRAINING PLANE ROARS SKYWARD...



FLYING!...IT'S FUNNY BUT I'M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE!



BUT THE MAJOR'S SON HAS GOOD REASON TO BE AFRAID...UNKNOWN TO HIM, THE ENGINE HAS SPRUNG A LEAK...

THE MOTOR COUGHS AND SPUTTERS...THE PLANE DIVES, OUT OF CONTROL...



LOOK, MAJOR! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



QUICK! TELL HIM TO BAIL OUT BEFORE HE CRASHES!



I'M SORRY, SIR! HE REFUSES TO LEAVE HIS PLANE!



I'M COMING IN WITH THIS PLANE OR NOT AT ALL!

I COMMAND YOU TO BAIL OUT! SON... PLEASE SAVE YOURSELF!



COME ON, DUSTY! THIS IS WHERE WE TAKE A HAND!



WAIT A MINUTE!
YOU CAN'T GO IN
THERE!



SORRY!
I CAN'T
WAIT TO
ARGUE!



ROY IS BLOCKED OFF BY
TWO MECHANICS...

GRAB
HIM!



GOTCHA!

NOT ME
YOU DOPE
HIM!



LET 'ER RIDE,
DUSTY!

HOLD ON
TO YOUR
HAT! HERE
WE GO!



I HOPE THIS
PLANE WORKS
THE SAME AS
THE JALOPPY
WE BUILT!

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN
YOU
HOPE!



THE PLANE
LURCHES
SKYWARD,
BARELY
MISSING
THE
TREES.



THERE
HE IS, ROY!
I'M GOING
TO PULL
ALONG SIDE!

THEN WHAT
AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO-WING
WALK?



COMING
RIGHT
UP, MISTER!

I JUST HOPE
I WON'T BE
GOING
RIGHT
DOWN!



CLOSER THE TWO PLANES MOVE UNTIL THE WING-TIPS ARE ALMOST TOUCHING...

STEADY, BOY!



HERE GOES NOTHING!



WHEW! MADE IT!
THE GAS PIPE! SEE IF YOU CAN PLUG THAT LEAK!



ATHWART THE WING, ROY WORKS FURIOUSLY...



ON HANDS AND KNEES HE CLIMBS BACK INTO THE COCKPIT...

IT'S ALL FIXED!

WE'RE OUT OF GAS. WE'LL HAVE TO LAND!



HOLY JOE! LOOK AT THAT FOREST! YOU COULDN'T EVEN DROP A PENCIL BETWEEN THOSE TREES!



DUSTY - HE'S SIGNALING TO US!

HE MUST'VE SEEN SOMETHING!

AS HIS MOTOR QUILTS, THE MAJOR'S SON SWINGS HIS PLANE INTO LINE BEHIND DUSTY. IN A LONG DESCENDING GLIDE THE TWO PLANES HEAD INTO THE FOREST...



